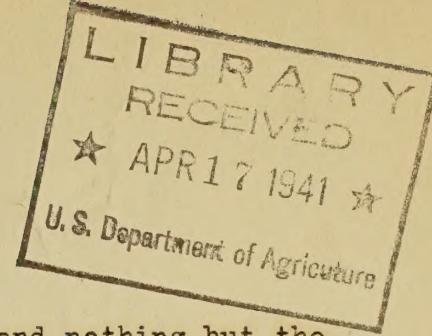


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Hand

When I'm the Reporter



I swear I'll tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. To do this, of course, I'll have to write down the names and ask about the spelling before I leave. You can be sure, all the dates, figures, and other facts will be down in good plain writing in my notebook before I go home.

Just as soon as I get home, I will sit down and think. What did I like about this meeting? What will I tell Dad this evening when he asks "Well, what have you been up to today?" This is where I will start my story and then I will write and write until I have it all down, just as I would tell it to Dad.

When it is done, I'll test it. First by looking for the six famous serving men.

"I keep six honest serving men!
They taught me all I knew:
Their names are What? and Why? and When?
and How? and Where? and Who?"

If they are surely all there, I'll try the measuring rod used by Texas 4-H Club reporters. "Does this report carry a piece of information given at the meeting which would be useful to someone who was not there?"

When it passes these tests, I'll check again the names, dates, and facts with my first notes. I'll see that my story is written on just one side of the paper, double spaced if typed, and plenty of space between the lines and very plainly written if written by hand.

Then I'll rush it to the editor. I simply won't deal in stale news. That's awful. I'll know when the deadline for my paper is and I'll have my copy in - I surely will. My head will hang in shame every time I miss the very next issue of my paper after the affair I am reporting.

And when the story is printed, I'll be as proud as Punch for then
I will be a good and worthy member of the
Great Brotherhood of Cub Reporters.

